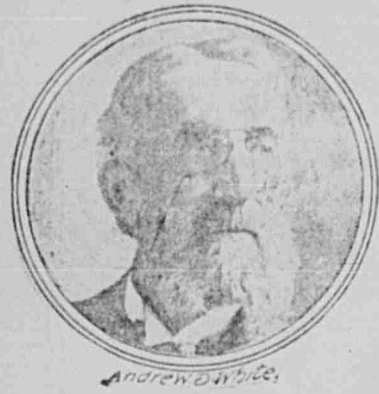


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"LAWS WITH TEETH."



"with teeth in them." Whenever people's attorneys with these qualifications apply themselves conscientiously to secure convictions they do not find their efforts balked by any lack of law.

Folk and Hadley were not hampered by legal limitations in Missouri, nor Morrison in Chicago. Wachenheimer, in Toledo, found the Ohio statutes all-powerful to send the conspiring members of the local Ice Trust to jail. The Elkins law in the hands of Van Valkenburgh, in Kansas City, effected the conviction of the rebating packers and the railroads.

The fault is not with a dearth of law. The Criminal Code of New York, for example, specifies 123 varieties of offenses punishable as felony and 346 misdemeanors. This is an array of "teeth" sufficient to satisfy the most capacious District-Attorney. It is broad enough to cover every conceivable transgression by individuals or corporations. In it is contained every legal weapon which the State's attorneys of other communities have employed to win victories for the people. It provides remedies for practically all the evils which it is sought to cure by Federal enactment. The one thing lacking is a prosecuting officer with the zeal and energy to make these teeth "bite."

NO MORE "L" TRACKS.

The Rapid Transit Commission will to-day formally consider the Interborough's application for permission to lay third tracks on its Second and Third avenue elevated lines. Delegations in the company's interest are expected to be present to influence a favorable decision by means of manufactured opinion. It is regarded as certain, however, that a franchise will be refused, as the Board has consistently opposed any addition to the present elevated system.

This attitude reflects public sentiment. What the Interborough asks is authority to set back transit conditions twenty years and to reimpose on the city the primitive and unsatisfactory traction facilities which the coming of the first subway made out of date. It asks permission to add to the city's noise and unsightliness, and incidentally to load with an additional car equipment and a weight of new rails the structure which Mr. Belmont said was not adapted to support the copper-sheathed subway cars. In return for these privileges it promises an increase of service which can at best be only a makeshift and which will indefinitely postpone east side subway projects.

In effect the city is importuned to surrender its near hope of east side subway transit for the gold brick of elevated express tracks.

An outcome of the Board's session which will be awaited with interest is the disposition to be made of the Third avenue track already laid without authority. If this track is declared illegal it will remain for the Corporation Counsel to force its removal.

The siren whistle has made its appearance on automobiles. Why not? Has not every citizen an inalienable right to add his quota to city noises?

"Swept by — Breezes!"

By J. Campbell Cory.



NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

THERE is something about the average New York indigestion-foundry which begets a haughty and dissatisfied spirit among the Four-Flush Brotherhood (local membership 400,000). Just as soon as a charter member of this growing society annexes a table at one of those fashionable cafes in which the artificial palms and the garnish for the entrees are made out of the same durable material he feels called upon to put on a pouter-pigeon front and make a noise like a county convention. Nobody can tell why this should be. You can't explain it any more than you can explain why a dentist always keeps a catary. Maybe it's the satisfaction of being in immediate proximity to so many persons who own their own dinner coats, or the music of a Hungarian orchestra from Hamburg and Hoboken, or the presence of a waiter who can insult you in another language, or maybe it's just the atmosphere of the place. A great many of the cafes up and down the Street of Gold Teeth have a distinctive atmosphere—especially when the wind is off the kitchen and the cold-storage poultry is beginning to thaw out under the wings.

In some places when a man quarrels with his food people understand that he is a dyspeptic and knows the food is going to disagree with him anyhow, and simply wants to have the first word because it's a clench he can't expect to have the last. But here in this town it generally means that the senior wrangler hopes to prove to all present that he is perfectly at home in the company of a 90-cent order of filet mignon, or leather findings, by calling it names.

Out at the Bon-Ton Oyster Parlor for ladies and gents in Fort Worth, or down at the Elite lunch and baggage room in the daypo at Huntington, where they serve fly-paper with the pastry and only change the napkins



on legal holidays and Easter Sunday, he wouldn't utter a chirp if they brought him the soup in a hot-water bottle. If he ordered jelly-roll and got a medicated bandage there would be no kick coming. He'd know better. The perfect lady in charge would be apt to nicker some queenware on him.

But in Manhattan he throws his chest out half way to the East River and finds fault with everything from the color of the head waiter's hair to the way the roast beef is cut in the back. He's the only muck-raker in the business who works at his trade when he's eating. He'll find a dead fly in the ointment if he has to catch it first and plant it there.

It's such a joy to drop into one of the real tony grub-works and draw a seat next to one of these food agitators. He's nearly always the kind of man that looks as if he had the kind of wife who would wear a diamond stomacher and a Mother Hubbard wrapper down to breakfast at a summer hotel. Also, he looks to be the only kind of a husband that kind of a wife would marry.

You enjoy watching him stoke himself. He imbibes his consommé with a noise like the last pint of suds running out of a bath-tub. He totally ignores his fork while handling the mashed potatoes, meanwhile growling in a cheery cinnamon bear accent. When he tackles the spaghetti he makes you think of Bosco in his celebrated feats. He calls for a big cup of demmer tass and a chunk of that there Rocky Ford cheese with green streaks in it.

And then he roars to beat the exhaust valve because the wine isn't chilled properly or something.

THE FUNNY PART:

The chances are he was raised on well water and hickory nuts.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XXXII.

WITH a swift impulse he loosed his arms and held her away from him. "Eve, it's the first time I have put another human being before myself!"

Eve kept her head bent. Painful, inaudible sobs were shaking her from head to foot.

"It's something in you—something unconscious—something high and fine, that holds me back—that literally bars the way. Eve, can't you see that I'm fighting—fighting hard?"

After he had spoken there was silence—a long, painful silence—during which Eve waged the battle that so many of her sex have waged before—the battle in which words are useless and tears of no account. She looked very slight, very young, very forlorn as she stood there. Then, in the oppressive sense of waiting that filled the whole room, she looked up at him.

Her face was stained with tears, her thick black lashes were still wet with them; but her expression as her eyes met Loder's was a strange example of the courage, the firmness, the power of sacrifice that may be hidden in a fragile vessel.

She said nothing, for in such a moment words do not come easily, but with the simplest, most submissive, most eloquent gesture in the world she set his perplexity to rest.

Taking his hand between hers she lifted it and for a long, silent space held it against her lips.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FOR a while there was silence; then Loder, bitterly aware that he had conquered, poignantly conscious of the appeal that Eve's attitude made, found further endurance impossible. Gently freeing his hand he moved away from her to the fireplace, taking up the position that she had first occupied.

"Eve," he said slowly, "I haven't finished yet. I haven't said everything. I'm going to tax your courage further."

With a touch of pained alarm Eve lifted her head. "Further?" she said.

Loder shrank from the expression on her face. "Yes," he said with difficulty. "There's still another point to be faced. The matter doesn't end with my going back. To have the situation saved Chilcote must return—Chilcote must be brought to realize his responsibilities."

Eve's lips parted in dumb dismay.

"It must be done," he went on hurriedly, "and we have got to do it—you and I." He turned and looked at her.

"I? I could do nothing. What could I do?" Her voice faltered.

"Everything," he said; "you could do everything. He is morally weak, but he has one sensitive point—the fear of a public exposure. Once make it plain to him that you know his secret and you can compel him to whatever course of action you select. It was to ask you to do this—to beg you to do this—that I came to you to-night. I know that's demanding more than a woman's resolution—more than a woman's strength. But you are like no woman in the world!"

"Eve!" he cried with sudden vehemence, "can't you see that it's imperative—the one thing to save us both?"

He stopped abruptly as he had begun, and again a painful silence filled the room. Then as before Eve moved instinctively toward him, but this time her steps were slow and uncertain. Nearing his side she put out her hand as if for comfort and support, and feeling his fingers tighten round it stood for a moment resting in the contact.

"I understand," she said at last very slowly; "I understand. What will you take me to him?"

For a moment Loder said nothing, not daring to trust his voice; then he answered low and abruptly. "Now!" he said. "Now, at once! Now, this moment, if I may. And—remember that I know what it costs you." As if imbued with fear that his courage might fail him he suddenly released her hand, and crossing the room to where a long, dark cloak lay as she had thrown it on her side and silently wrapped it about her. Then, still acting automatically, he moved to the door, opened it and stood aside while she passed out into the corridor.

In complete silence they descended the stairs and passed to the hall door. There Crapham, who had returned to his duties since Loder's entrance, came quickly forward with an offer of service. But Loder dismissed him curtly, and with something of the confusion bred of Chilcote's regime the man drew back toward the staircase.

With a hasty movement Loder stepped forward and, opening the door, admitted a breath of chill air. Then on the threshold he paused. It was his first sign of hesitation—the one instant in which nature rebelled against the conscience for a moment, and it is doubtful whether even Eve fully fathomed the bitterness of his renunciation—the blackness of the night that stretched before his eyes.

Behind him was everything; before him nothing. The everything symbolized by the luxurious house, the eagerly attentive servants, the pleasant



"Eve!" he began unsteadily. Then the words died on his lips.

atmosphere of responsibility; the nothing represented by the broad public thoroughfare, the passing figures, each unconscious of and uninterested in his existence. As an interloper he had entered this house; as an interloper—a masquerader—he had played his part, lived his hour, proved himself, as an interloper he was now passing back into the dim world of unrealized hopes and unachieved ambitions.

He stood rigidly quiet, his strong figure silhouetted against the lighted hall, his face cold and set; then with a touch of fatality Chance cut short his struggle.

Within a few minutes the neighborhood of Grosvenor Square was exchanged for the noisier and more crowded one of Piccadilly, but either the cabman was overcautious or the horse was below the average, for they made but slow progress through the more crowded streets. To the two sitting in silence the pace was well-nigh unbearable. With every added movement the tension grew. The methodical care with which they moved seemed like the tightening of a string already strained to breaking point, yet neither spoke—because neither had the courage necessary for words.

Once or twice as they traversed the Strand, Loder made a movement as if to break the silence, but nothing followed it. He continued to lean forward with a certain dogged stiffness, his clasped hands resting on the door of the cab, his eyes staring straight ahead. Not once, as they threaded their way, did he dare to glance at Eve, though every movement, every stir of her garments was forced upon his consciousness by his

acutely awakened senses. When last they drew up before the dark archway of Middle Temple Lane, he descended hastily. And as he mechanically turned to protect Eve's dress from the wheel, he looked at her fully for the first time since their enterprise had been undertaken. As he looked he felt his heart sink. He had expected to see the marks of suffering on her face, but the expression he saw suggested something more than mere mental pain.

All the rich color that usually deepened and softened the charm of her beauty had been erased as if by a long illness; and against the new pallor of her skin her blue eyes, her black hair and eyebrows, seemed startlingly dark. A chill colder than remorse, a chill that bordered upon actual fear, touched Loder in that moment. With the first impulsive gesture he had allowed himself, he touched her arm.

"Eve!" he began, unsteadily; then the word died on his lips.

(To Be Continued.)

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